

BIG BATTLE ALL ALONG ITALIAN FRONT

Rome, Aug. 19.—A violent artillery duel is in progress today along the entire Austro-Italian front. Both sides are using their heavy guns in a destructive fire.

The official War Office bulletin also reports the repulse of an Austrian attack on the Carso plateau.

The official War Office statement follows:

Along the whole front artillery action is in progress. Our artillery is particularly active on the upper Fella, where the railroad line at the mouth of the Seebach valley was damaged.

Business Hours
9 A. M. to 5 P. M.
Saturdays We Close
at one o'clock

OUT THEY MUST GO—HUNDREDS OF
Women's Natty New Skirts
For Present and Early Fall Wear
 Prices Cut Away Down for Quick Selling

Millinery

New Veil Turbans, close fitting
shades, of Lyons velvet, graped, semi-
cuffon, velvet or silk. The comple-
ment of new Fall shades. **1.98**

Trimmed Felt Hats, for sport
and travel, in all shades, of water
repellent, white, and cream, chamois,
"Columbian" and "Black" grained.
A variety of smart styles. **79c to 1.98**

Laces

Oriental Edges, white and cream, 4
to 6 in. wide. Original
values 17¢ and 25¢. **12½¢**

Net Top Laces, with Venice edge,
white and cream, 5 to 10 wide. Original
values 17¢ and 25¢. **25¢**

Black series.

White Shadow Lace Edges, 9 in.
wide. Original value 42½¢. **49¢**

Art Needlework

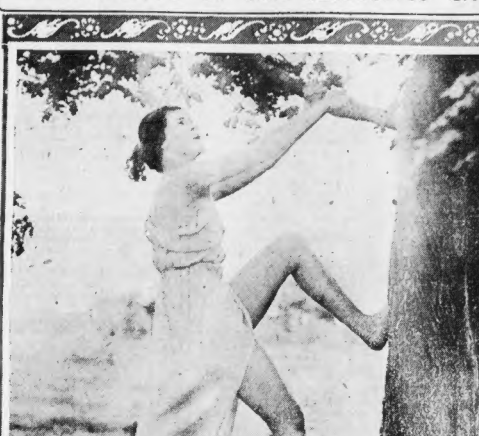
Stamped Turkish Towels, 14 x 22
size. Original value 25¢.
Pillow Cases & Rugs. **15¢**

Children's Play Aprons, stamped, original value \$25
Stamped Pillow Slips, original value \$50
Knit Underwear

Women's Union Suits, light and medium weights, various styles, some with belt, original value \$15
Women's Mesh Union Suits, low rise, knee length, original value \$15
Women's Jersey Pants, lace and light knit, regular sizes only, second-hand \$10
Women's Extra Size Vests, long and short, \$12.95
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ance Styles in
rge Dresses

Classic Dancers Interpreting Pastimes of the Ancient Greeks



The Hudson estate of a wealthy New Yorker was recently the scene of an unusual performance. It was a scene brought from ancient Greece to modern America. Six of the Marion Morgan classic dancers of California, garbed in distinctly "back to nature" attire, interpreted a dancing act of ancient Greek days. The young women shown here have just chased several playmates up the tree. This is interpretative of an old Greek pastime.

125 More Cases, 32 Deaths in N. Y. Plague

New York, Aug. 18.—There are 125 new cases of infantile paralysis in New York, four more than Friday.

Taken with the week, comparative figures show that the epidemic is continuing with a vengeance.

The total number of cases in Greater New York since the plague began in 1915 is 1,475. Last week's daily average of new cases was 134, and the daily average for the week was 134. The figures for the daily average of new cases for the week were: Monday, 134; Tuesday, 134; Wednesday, 134; Thursday, 134; Friday, 134; Saturday, 134; Sunday, 134.

Some 20 persons, who have had the disease, are now in the hospital, ready to give blood for serum extraction.

May Have Found Way to Cure Plague

Dr. J. A. Roush, chairman of the Watersbury Board of Health, stated that the epidemic is continuing with a vengeance. A thorough examination will be made, and the results will be reported to the board.

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Plague Kills Girl in Holyoke

Holyoke, Aug. 18.—Florence Ann, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Ernest Anderson, of Holyoke, died of infantile paralysis. The child was 10 years old.

Second Paralysis Death in Keene, N. H.

Keene, N. H., Aug. 18.—The death of a young girl, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Wynn, of Keene, N. H., was announced today. The child was 10 years old.

Harvard Summer School Closes

The Harvard Summer School closes today after one of its most successful sessions. The school has been held in the Harvard University buildings.

Ye Towle Gossip

JIMMY MONTAGUE.
WHO WRITES poems.
FOR THE papers.
ASKED ME out.
TO Somerville.
AND I went.
AND IN the afternoon.
HE COOKED me.
UNTO the rear seat.
OF A motorcycle.
AND PULLED something.
AND SOMETHING underneath me.
EXPLODED.
AND ALL the boues.
BEGAN TO run together.
IN LONG rows.
OF TERRACES.
AND AUTOMOBILES.
SHOT UP.
OUT OF the pavement.
AND WENT back.
AND MEN and women.
AND CHILDREN.
AND DOGS.
BOBBED UP.
AND WERE destroyed.
BY WHATEVER it was.
WE WERE throwing.
AND I opened my mouth.
TO SPEAK.
AND BECAME inflated.
AND CLOSED it.
AND PRAYED.
THAT something would happen.
TO KILL Jimmy.
AND LEAVE me.
AND THAT.

ROXBURY PRIEST DIES FROM SHOCK
The Rev. Joseph J. O'Connor, pastor of the Holy Trinity church in Roxbury, died suddenly of shock at the age of 64. He had been suffering from a heart ailment for some time.

GIRL DENIES REPORT OF HER DROWNING
Miss Doris P. Reed, twenty-year-old daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. P. Reed, of West Medford, has denied a report that she had drowned. She was found floating in the water near a boat on Monday.

WIFE BRINGS SUIT TO FREE HUSBAND
Mrs. Ellen M. Kamp, of Waltham, has filed a petition in the Superior Court against Dr. H. O. Spaulding, superintendent of the State Hospital at Westboro, asking for a writ of habeas corpus for the release of her husband, John M. Kamp, who is confined in the hospital as an insane person.

HEIRLESS WEDS AND KEEPS IT SECRET
Maverick, Aug. 18.—Miss Florence B. Thayer, daughter of the late Charles B. Thayer, of Waltham, has married Mr. J. H. Thayer, of Waltham. The wedding was held in a private ceremony.

"What Congress has done concerning a Government Armor Plant"
and what people are thinking about it. This is the title of a book by J. H. Thayer, which has just been published.

Bethlehem Steel Co.

South Bethlehem, Pa.

RECALL TROOPS, SAYS FUNSTON, STIRS CAPITAL

Washington, Aug. 18.—Although Secretary of War Baker refused to recall the troops, the administration is being forced to consider the possibility of doing so.

DEATH CAUSED BY FORTY-FOOT FALL
Worcester, Aug. 18.—Edward P. Hulse, 40, of Worcester, was killed by a fall from a forty-foot height at the factory at No. 35 Hulse street.

"TIGHT KNICKERS" IN DIVORCE SUIT
New York, Aug. 18.—The complaint that his wife was wearing "tight knickers" was the basis of a divorce suit filed in New York City.

PRINCETON OPENING DELAYED BY PLAGUE
Princeton, N. J., Aug. 18.—To obviate the danger of infantile paralysis, the opening of Princeton University has been delayed.

TAST MAY BE U. S. SENATE NOMINEE
By International News Service, Washington, Aug. 18.—A draft of the call for a Jewish Congress has been made public. It was drawn up at a conference between subcommittee members of the National Jewish organization and the executive committee of the American Jewish Congress.

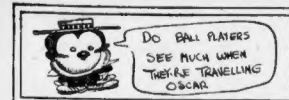
ISSUE CALL FOR BIG JEWISH CONGRESS
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WRECK CAR BUT ESCAPES SMASH
New York, Aug. 18.—A car wrecked in a head-on collision with a large touring car in which three persons were riding. The car was wrecked, but the occupants escaped.

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HUGH S. FULLERTON PICKS THE PENNANT WINNERS IN THE NATIONAL AND AMERICAN LEAGUES

World Famous Baseball Statistician Gives the Fans First Hand Information Hot Off the Bat
EXCLUSIVELY IN TOMORROW'S BOSTON SUNDAY AMERICAN



DO BALL PLAYERS
SEE MUCH MORE
THEIR TRAVELING
OCCASION

BOSTON AMERICAN SPORTS

SURE, THEY
SEE LOTS
TANGO



Bringing Up Father



Hull Regatta Winds Up Battle For B. Y. C. Title

Hull, Aug. 19.—Fourteen classes start this afternoon in the third and final day of the Boston Yacht Club regatta. All the Y. R. H. boats are on hand this afternoon, and those which did not start in the Hingham Yacht Club regatta yesterday are out to make up some of the points they lost. The winds have been light during all of the races this week and unless the wind hauled suddenly out of the east, the yachtsmen will do some more drifting this afternoon.

The P class boats start this afternoon at 1:45, ten minutes after the warning gun, and they are followed by the Bar Harbor 15-footers, class R. Y. R. U. class Q, Boston Yacht Club first special rating, Boston Yacht Club second special rating, class K. Y. R. U. class B, class A, Y. R. U. class R, Y. R. U. class I, Y. R. U. class D, Y. R. U. class M, Y. R. U. class X, Y. R. U. class Y.

Although there are three more races scheduled for the P boats, the victors of the Nutmeg III, yesterday afternoon, give Commodore A. A. Jones the St. Thomas Lipton cup. As Commodore Jones won the championship of class P in 1914 and 1915, his victory this year gives him the permanent ownership of the Lipton trophy.

WALTER HAGEN IS WESTERN OPEN CHAMPION
Milwaukee, Wis., Aug. 19.—Walter Hagen of Rochester, N. Y., added the Western open golf championship to his list of honors by completing the 72-hole medal contest on the Blue Mount Country Club links in 345 strokes. This score equaled that made by "Chick" Evans of Chicago in winning the national open title at Minneapolis recently, establishing a record for 72 holes in national competition. Hagen recently won the Metropolitan championship and three years ago landed the national title. Hagen had only one stroke to spare, as George Sargent of Minneapolis and Jack Hutchinson of Pittsburgh tied for second place with 247. George C. Simpson of Oak Park, Chicago, and James Harnett of Philadelphia, followed with 255 each.

SUPREME ALE

"The ale with the pleasant aftertaste"
SOLD AT LEADING STORES

2 Large Bottles 25c

There is no ale that equals its delicious flavor or its full, hearty, sustaining body.
The mellow hops of Saazer Kreis, Bohemia, and the sound CHOICE BARLEY MALT from the golden grain fields of the Northwest fill every glass and bottle of this wonderful ale with good cheer and good health.

Ased in the only One-Place Glass-Lined Tanks in America.
BOTTLED ONLY AT THE BREWERY
Fonway Breweries Co., Boston, Mass.

OH! YOU OPHELIA W!

(With apologies to K. C. B.)
TWO HUNDRED and fifty-three dollars and twenty cents for two dollars.
ONE HUNDRED and twenty-six dollars and sixty cents for one dollar.

SOME ODDS.
BETTER!
OPHELIA W.
SHE WON the fourth race at Windsor yesterday.
THE AMERICAN's turf statistician said Ophelia W. was the best horse.
AND THAT Ophelia W. should win.
AND OPHELIA W. did win.
OF COURSE, it's naughty to bet on horses.
OR DRINK whiskey.
OR BEER.
OR WINE.
OR QUAFF liquors of any kind.
OR SMOKE.
OR PLAY cards.
OR FLIRT.
OR DO anything that's exciting.
OR PLEASURE.
BUT MANY note—most men—bet on horses, and do those other naughty things, too.
AND IT shouldn't be any naughtier to bet on horses than to take a whirl at stocks.
OR BET on the Red Sox.
WELL, if you are a little naughty.
OR A little sporty.
THAT may be putting it a wee bit blunt.
AND FOLLOWED the AMERICAN'S tip on Ophelia W.

BADLY WIN IS WELL LACED

Old Matty Runs, Said Second to Harry Carlson, Trying to Pull Comeback, in C. A. C. Ring.

By RINGDIE.
Old Matty Baldwin, New England's former first idol and this section's lightweight premier for many years, who is credited with having gone on with more champions than any other personage in the Queensberry world, almost got the decision over Harry Carlson, the rising young Brockton boxer, at the Commercial A. C. last night.

By RINGDIE.
Through the bulk of the mob—was a mob that saw that the battle, were Baldwin's supporters, well-represented all the assistant battles of Matty had done in years gone by, the mad disorder that was rampant, and the shriek of the first bell, a hand went over the house when "Sheehan's hand" pointed Baldwin's way.

FAMOUS PAIRS IN CLASH

Wiley and Sere and Linart and Digler Come Together in 40-Mile Race at Beach Oval.

TONIGHT'S REVEAL CARD.
Forty-mile motorcycle races, George Wiley and George Sere vs. Victor Linart and Leon Digler. Amateur and professional events.

Incensed by his defeat at the hands of Georges Sere last Monday night, Leon Digler has split partnership with the French rider and will oppose his former team mate in a forty-mile motor-paced race at the Revere cycle track tonight.

SPORTS

SPORTS
BUSINESS OF DRIFTING.
You're a wonder, Victor Jones, a perfect wonder.
You are there, as roughneck put it, with the pack.

THE POOR INDIANS!
St. Louis, 11, Cleveland, 0.
It took Uncle Sam a long time to make the Indians of the United States do it in one inning.

CRICKET NOTES.
Once again the teams in the Massachusetts State Cricket League line up on their various circuits for the season, with the majority of the games to be played on the local grounds. The possibility of any club winning the championship from the United States "Whites" is rather remote, and interest will not be centered in the race for second position between Needham and Brockton.

Football Starts Soon Harvard Call Issued

The candidates for the Harvard football team have been notified to report at Cambridge for the first practice of the season on Thursday, September 7. Captain Hal Dadman will be on hand to welcome the men, and Field Coach Leo Leary will be in charge of the afternoon workouts until Head Coach Percy D. Haughton is on straightened out his baseball affairs as president of the Boston Braves and turn himself to the gridiron.

THE TALENT OUTLOOK.
Harvard's prospects for turning out a championship eleven are none too good, but under the system that Coach Haughton has established and headed at Cambridge may a mediocre team on paper, the second team of championship caliber with the season at an end.

MAHAN LEAVES BIG GAP.
The graduation of Eddie Mahan leaves a big gap in Harvard football to fill, for the Natick star was considered the peer of any gridiron performer in the country last season. Ken Walker, Ernie Spauld, Don Walker, Ken Peters, Dick King and Ross Conner, the first eleven have graduated, and Joe Gilman has withdrawn from the team.

My car has run almost 6000 miles in four months without a murmur.

An Owner.

Price \$1930

F. O. B. Boston

On Monday Will Be Printed the First Instalment of the Fourth Episode in "BEATRICE FAIRFAX." Watch for It

The American's Magazine Fiction Page

"BEATRICE FAIRFAX"

Novelized From the Great Film Play
By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

By Beatrice Fairfax

(Novelized from the scenario of "Beatrice Fairfax" directed and produced by Wharton T. Studio for the International Film Service Inc.)

A SHUDDER of utter horror went through me when I heard the tiny sound that told me Joan Morton had been thrown into the dark waters of the Hudson.

A second later there was the sound of another splash. Billie Dran had broken from his captors and had dived through the window after the little girl who made so strong an appeal to his boyish imagination and his lion-hearted courage.

Colder and colder clutched the fingers at my heart. Billie had sacrificed himself—but to what purpose?

We were in enemy country. If the unbelievable happened and Billie saved Joan, what then?

But how could he have Joan? She was found and gagged, and would be a helpless burden—dead weight in his young arms. Fully dressed as he was, how could the boy swim in the cold water of the river with the added burden of the little girl in his arms?

I'm not at all a pessimistic person—I have seen the unbelievable happen—up to the last minute I always hope for the miracle. But shall I save the innocent from unmerited suffering?

But what possible hope was there, the dire, unrelenting, grotesque little Billie had accomplished anything by his leap in the dark?

Billie's Bad Struggle

To dive after the children would mean nothing more than one other helpless struggling human being in the cold waters. Reason might have told me that I had been capable of stopping to reason.

But instead I yielded to part of the wonderful impulse of bravery Billie had set up as an electric current in the air when he gave himself so unquestioningly to the hopeless attempt to save Joan.

I struggled with the men who were holding me and worked my way toward the window. I must get after that brave little lad and give him whatever help I had to offer.

As I fought there went through my mind a vivid picture of the little tale Billie had told me—the tale of his dreams of the beleaguered castle and of how he had ridden his charger over the drawbridge in the rescue of his lady fair.

I felt a coil that was almost all loose welling up from my heart to my eyes. Was ever knight of old braver than little Billie Dran, district messenger boy?

I struggled more and more wildly—the window which was my goal seemed hopelessly leagues away. As inch at a time I made my way closer and closer to it.

Then Peter Raven turned, flashed me another of his evil smiles and stooped to the ground. A second later he rose, holding in his hand the revolver which had been knocked from my grasp only a minute before.

Raven Seizes Gun

It seemed a year—a cruelly long while ago that I had held that gun. Peter Raven had been in the high chair, and because of his impulsive quickness to the actual physical fact of shooting, we were all in his power now.

That I should hold the waters of the river there were two helpless children. I hated myself because I had failed them a minute before. Well, I would not fail them now.

Peter Raven lifted his ugly gun and took aim. I knew that a second later I should hear murderous revolver fire. It would mean that Billie had been struck by a bullet from that unrelenting gun.

In a nightmare I jerked my captors with me as I ran toward Raven.

Then there was a flash and the sound of a bullet. I was too late. Two later. The agony of that thought—the agony of my mind.

A second later Peter Raven fell back clutching at his arm.

Jimmy to the Rescue

In silence, almost my captors loosed their hold on me. I ran to the window. Out there in the black darkness, where children dead? There was a sudden heavy thump on one of the boats had touched the river house.

And then a figure crawled



Saved—Billie, after rescuing his little sweetheart, Jean, the daughter of the district attorney, Jimmy Barton (Harry Fox) and Beatrice Fairfax (Grace Darling) look on at the little people they saved.

Stars in Episode No. 3
"Billie's Romance"
Jimmy Barton as the M. T. Evening Journal Harry Fox
Beatrice Fairfax as the M. T. Evening Journal Grace Darling
This splendid series of exciting human interest stories is produced in motion pictures by Wharton Inc. Studios for the International Film Service Inc.

See the motion pictures at your favorite theatre next week

Raven had crouched back against the wall cursing and holding his wounded arm. His accomplices had seized me as a moment before, but at a command from Jimmy they loosed their hold.

Never had I formed hope saved by reinforcements more providentially and with less margin from the ultimate moment of horror than we.

I heard myself laughing rather hysterically. Jimmy's grin put such a queer cheer on the ghastly horror of that night.

And then through the open window came the determined second human came to the rescue of the beleaguered garrison!

Next, in fitting climax, a golden ball whizzed over the window sill. Billie was unromantically "boosting" his lady-fair back into the room.

Billie Makes a Request
His eyes were bright with excitement and his voice trembled, but his words were the completely unromantic touch needed to give the situation its final relief.

"Say, Miss Fairfax," said Billie Dran—light-sterned, "you'd better look after Jean. She's all wet and she might take her death of cold."

Then he had dashed back to one who had been hurried through the space so rapidly that even before the crash at the foot of the steps came an appointment with her here and there from the shaken body.

"Detective Ryan, old pal," said Jimmy. "Good heavens! The matter of factness of all things masculine. At the end of an evening of horror and excitement, he comes back to me."

Billie talked about Jean's catching cold, and Jimmy addressed his fellowers in the rescuing party as follows:

"Well—here's Peter Raven and his handsome friend—and a few extras thrown in for luck! New Sing Sing gets back one of its favorite sons, and I'm thinking Patrick Michael Ryan gets a promotion—which he has earned."

The End Not Yet
"With a lot of help from you, Mr. Barton. And may I have you along on every hard assignment?" said the detective grinning shyly, boyishly, almost as if he were Billie's big brother.

Wasn't that a pleasant enough ending to the story?

But the end was not then—and I think it is not even yet!

Joan was escorted home with a guard of honor consisting of Jimmy, Billie and me. Even in the midst of their rejoicing at Jean's return, they were all happy in spite of her drenching. The Mortons were capable of real gratitude and real expression thereof for all of us.

I couldn't resist presenting Billie to Mr. Barton, who, when first he had heard of that young gentleman, had left my desk with a manner half way between a scowl and a frown.

"Mr. Barton, this is Billie. He begins on this page Monday."

Watch for the Fourth Episode. It begins on this page Monday.

When the Animals Speak

The Ant Lion Ends His Lesson in Strategy

By GARRETT P. SERVISS

While the two antlions lay side by side, one at the bottom of their central den, and the six eyes on each side of their heads, looking at the other, the older said to his companion:

"Now keep your jaws wide stretched, for an ant may come tumbling down at any moment and you must seize him before he recovers his wits. Don't let him see and hang his head against the sand. Look out for his nipers."

for an ant, if he gets a hold, will hang on even after his head is off. He will give you the first bite and will help you if you need it."

If you had looked down at that pit with a powerful magnifying glass you would have observed at the sight of those terrible, curved mandibles, mysteriously raised out of the sand, motionless as the jaws of a steel trap, while the light of six eyes shone like red needles.

Half an hour may have elapsed before anything occurred. Then a black ant rose from a nearby thicket of dry, dusty grass and zig-zagged swiftly about the sandy plain until he came upon the verge of the excavation. There he stopped, and, with his head raised, he surveyed the step slope of sand. In an instant he had set a little avalanche in motion, his footings gave way, and widely struggling to get a grip on the treacherous slope, down he went!

"Now!" said the older lion. The pupil made an awkward attempt to seize the ant as it tumbled against him, but, distracted by the falling sand, he failed to grasp it, and, quick as lightning the ant was away up the yarning sand, struggling with the fury of defeat.

But the antlions actually waited against the constantly renewed deposit of sand until the older lion, "Now!" exclaimed the old lion. "Get it with your jaws!"

When the two comrades in the sand finished their lesson, the older placed the remains on his head and shut them over the top of the helmet. In the same manner, he buried at the bottom of the excavation, and removed the pebble, half way up the slope, that had so recently proved the salvation of the unfortunate ant.

You must always keep your jaws wide stretched, and whatever is too big and heavy for you to swallow must be buried at the bottom. Keep the pit clean and dry. In the same manner, he buried at the bottom of the excavation, and removed the pebble, half way up the slope, that had so recently proved the salvation of the unfortunate ant.

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A Girl and a Man

Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XX.

ALTHOUGH AGNES MORLEY had declared her desire to hear no more of the topic that Annie had brooded at in loneliness, she could not keep her mind from turning to it frequently.

What had been said seemed to complicate her present position. It had been hard enough for her to maintain a calm exterior and to behave as if she had never been in terms of friendship with her employer's son.

When added to this was the knowledge that Annie was hoping Agnes would try to win Philip's admiration, and that the other girl's keen eyes were both on her and the young man, it made matters worse.

Moreover Philip himself was evidently not prepared to behave as he would behave towards a servant whom he had never met, until he saw her in his father's office. Already he had spoken to Agnes with an impulsive cordiality because he recognized her employer's humane manner of addressing her. He had also shown by his expression of consternation that she was more to him than an ordinary servant.

He had even, when she was about to leave the office at the end of her first day there, started from his seat as if he were about to embrace her. He had even, when she was about to leave the office at the end of her first day there, started from his seat as if he were about to embrace her.

Perhaps her hearing had swayed him, for he had said to her, "You are a very nice girl. I like you very much. I hope you will stay with us for a long time."

She had said to him, "Thank you very much, Mr. Van de Water. I am very glad to hear that. I shall do my best to please you."

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A Girl and a Man

Virginia Terhune Van de Water

CHAPTER XX.

ALTHOUGH AGNES MORLEY had declared her desire to hear no more of the topic that Annie had brooded at in loneliness, she could not keep her mind from turning to it frequently.

What had been said seemed to complicate her present position. It had been hard enough for her to maintain a calm exterior and to behave as if she had never been in terms of friendship with her employer's son.

When added to this was the knowledge that Annie was hoping Agnes would try to win Philip's admiration, and that the other girl's keen eyes were both on her and the young man, it made matters worse.

Moreover Philip himself was evidently not prepared to behave as he would behave towards a servant whom he had never met, until he saw her in his father's office. Already he had spoken to Agnes with an impulsive cordiality because he recognized her employer's humane manner of addressing her. He had also shown by his expression of consternation that she was more to him than an ordinary servant.

He had even, when she was about to leave the office at the end of her first day there, started from his seat as if he were about to embrace her. He had even, when she was about to leave the office at the end of her first day there, started from his seat as if he were about to embrace her.

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The Office Boy Puts Agnes in a Quandary

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This Is How the Baron Squares Himself with Mrs. Baron

They're No Books for an Exclusive Home

THE GETTING
COMMON—IN
HOUSE I SEE
IT!

We Don't Blame Jerry for Keeping This a Secret

It Would Have Been Too Expensive to Use the Ax



Skinny Should Be Spanked for Springing Such a Bum Googly

OPE, I'M STILL
 ONNA START
 NAVY. I JUST
 OT A NOTION
 U'RE TRYIN'
 A KID ME
 OUT OF IT!

06 4404

SCHARIL .
MAH MAY BE
GE ONE BY
OF ITS NAME?
4 DAY - .

Saturday, August 19, 1916

The Public Should Seek the Facts in the Controversy Between the Railroad Managers and Employees

PRESIDENT C. F. WEED of the Boston Chamber of Commerce suggests that there should be a federal investigation of the dispute between the railroad managers and the railroad employees. Mr. Weed holds that if the men are right their demands should be granted, and if they are wrong the public should know it, for a strike in such circumstances would be a mere exercise of "brute force."

Mr. Weed is right. If either side refuses to submit its demands to arbitration, then the public ought to investigate for itself, in order that it may exert the influence of an intelligent public opinion.

A national railroad strike will be a terrible thing for this country. No private managers ought, in their own discretion, to be allowed to precipitate it. Neither should the railroad men beguile themselves with the belief that they will have public sympathy if, tyrannically rejecting all compromises, they refuse to submit their cause to an impartial tribunal.

The AMERICAN has a profound confidence that the men will be reasonable. Workingmen nearly always have been reasonable on this question of arbitration. The employers are usually the ones who refuse to arbitrate, and by their refusal they have forfeited all public respect and sympathy.

Our railroad employees are an unusually intelligent class of citizens. They know the value of public opinion. They know the great responsibility of their position. They know that a strike means privation to them and to their relatives and friends, for they know that it spells disaster to the WHOLE community.

Old, but Wise, Is This Advice---

A Good Time to Remember the Father of His Country and What HE Thought.

Copyright by Star Company

GEORGE WASHINGTON, having put this country on its feet, endured the disappointments of defeat, the treachery and heartlessness of men, having been twice President of the United States, decided to retire.

When the time came he gave his fellow countrymen some advice. A good many of them probably, who listened or read, thought that it was prosy.

But it sounds like rather GOOD ADVICE today, as we read the news or think about the absence of news from Europe, and realize what our neutral position means to this country.

Here is what George Washington had to say about mixing up with other people's affairs—let us hope that the United States will remember it:

"Observe good faith and justice toward all nations. Cultivate peace and harmony with all. Religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it?"

"So likewise a passionate attachment of one nation for another produces a variety of evils—sympathy for the favorite nation, facilitating the illusion of an imaginary common interest in cases where no real common interest exists, and infusing into one the enemies of the other, betrays the former into a participation in the quarrels and wars of the latter, without adequate inducement or justification."

"The great rule of conduct for us in regard to foreign nations is in extending our commercial relations to have with them as little Political connection as possible. So far as we have already formed engagements let them be fulfilled with perfect good faith. Here let us stop."

"Our detached and distant situation invites and enables us to pursue a different course. If we remain one people, under an efficient government, the period is not far off when we may defy material injury from external annoyance; when we may take such an attitude as will cause the neutrality we may at any time resolve upon to be scrupulously respected. When belligerent nations, under the impossibility of making acquisitions upon us, will not lightly hazard the giving us provocation; when we may choose peace or war, as our interest guided by justice shall counsel."

"Why, by interweaving our destiny with that of any part of Europe, entangle our peace and prosperity in the toils of European ambition, rivalry, interest, humor or caprice?"

"Tis our true policy to steer clear of permanent alliances with any portion of the foreign world."

"There can be no greater error than to expect, or calculate upon real favors from Nation to Nation. 'Tis an illusion which experience must cure, which a just pride ought to discard."

MRS. TRUBBELL

Copyright, 1916, by International News Service.

Mr. Powers' work appears regularly in animated cartoons in the International Film Service



The Land of I-Don't-Care

By William F. Kirk

THERE is a land near Bye-and-Bye. All hills and yellow sands.

Where goblins cry and witches fly With switches in their hands;

A land of noise and broken toys And troubles everywhere;

It waits for many girls and boys, The land of I-Don't-Care.

The water there is never cool, The flowers never smile,

In a dark and muddy pool There hides a crocodile.

A great old crocodile who bites If any youngsters dare.

To come near by, and when they cry He tells them, "I don't care!"

So little girls and little boys Should mind their mothers well,

And not be full of tricks and noise Or think of fits to tell.

Then life will seem a happy dream And songs will fill the air,

Because they know they'll never go To the land of I-Don't-Care.

More Truth Than Poetry

By James J. Montague

Ancient Rome, for example

As investigation into Senator

Levi's announcement that "too

proud to fight" is a classic

illustration, leads to the discovery

that most of the nations which used

it are now out of existence.

It Can't Be Done

Mr. Redford, who is trying to ex-

plain his denial that he is a Rep-

ublican to make a place for a de-

serving Democrat, is doing just

as well as is Senator Levee,

who is trying to explain Mr. Wil-

son's "Too Proud to Fight" ap-

proach.

The Safer Course

They are not going to notify Mr.

Fairbanks of his nomination till

August 31, thus keeping him in ig-

norance of the fact that he is in the

campaign until it is too late for him

to blight it. It is especially by any

apaches.

Financial Genius Gone Wrong

"That little fellow is home of

Brewer"—Headline. A man with

that amount of discernment could

have made a million if he'd only

kept honest.

Another Handicap

Mr. Hughes will have to increase

his speeches to two or three a day

now that Mr. Barnes has decided

for him.

The Force of Example

Talk of giving out the Lantana

note was started by the mistake of

a clerk in the State Department. Ap-

parently the clerk was trying to

live up to the standards of the ad-

ministration.

There Is a Difference

"Woman Can Be Clothed for 25

a Year"—Headline. She can, doubt-

less, but she won't.

Health's Relation to the Eight-Hour Day

By Woods Hutchinson, M. D.

The World's Best Known Writer on Medical Subjects

PART TWO

SHORTER hours mean less ex-

hausting and life-shortening

fatigue, more energy left at

the end of the day for intellect

and wholesome recreation, instead

of being so stupid and sodden and

exhausted that drink was the only

relief.

It means longer hours of sleep

and better cleansing out of the blood

of fatigue poisons, so that they

don't pile up and burn out a man's

arteries and throw him on the scrap

heap at forty or forty-five.

Higher wages mean better food

and more of it, better housing, bet-

ter clothing, better opportunities for

the children and increasing self-

respect and intelligence.

Part of these health and efficiency

improvements have come histori-

cally and directly by improving

conditions of work, and the ventila-

tion and lighting and dust-and-

noise-purifying of shops and work-

rooms. Shorter hours have already

been made in this direction that I

have hesitation in saying that they

of the best lighted, best ventila-

ated, purest aired and most sani-

tary buildings I have ever seen are

certain glass and cement built

model factories which I have in-

spected. I should like to see houses,

particularly apartments and tenements,

built on the same plan.

Partly by providing medical care

and attendance for the workers, be-

hindings very crude and narrow,

and more surgical attention to ac-

cidents and injuries occurring dur-

ing work hours, then regarding the

careful physical examination of all

employees, then to the health con-

ditions under which they lived, to

the health of their families, swim-

ming pools, gymnasia, gardens,

playgrounds, model suburbs.

Finally, back again to the work-

man himself, carefully fitting him

to the work and his physical and

mental makeup best adapted his for,

A Wireless Girl and a Wiry Girl

Both Unique Types—100,000,000 New Suns for Us to See—and Tom Powers Has Mobilized at the Border—Meaning "Among Those Present" in the Boston SUNDAY AMERICAN Tomorrow.

She has the most fascinating girl job in New England? She lives on Cape Ann and she is a wireless operator, duly licensed. There are only two or three such in the country.

By virtue of her wireless license she can "listen in" to Marconi secrets from the wide, wide world. What fun for any girl, to get all the wonderful wireless "talk-talk" that waves along through the air.

Useful, too, this girl. She has told our navy things, now and then, which she picked up and other operators missed. The story of this discreet and clever miss will be told in the Sunday AMERICAN tomorrow. Rest assured of live reading.

Speaking about that "Doggone Dangerous Girl," there's a maid on the Harvard Summer School roster who would be "bad medicine" for a burglar or any intruder.

Her name is "Fury's" Mabel Georgine Fury, and she pronounces her last name like "Fury."

She is the strongest girl at that Summer school, even 40 per cent. mightier than most of the men there.

In these days of woman suffrage a splendid girl like this Harvard wonder from the Far West is interesting to everyone. The AMERICAN has to tell you all about her in her own words, how she became so strong and how she keeps her muscles; also some of her strength tests and feats.

Some of our Eastern girls of good development may be amazed to read what this Western maid can do. It may make the men sit up and take observation also.

Imagine Tom Powers along the Mexican border!

There's a combination to stir the calmest mind—Tom, with his uncanny sense of humor and his even more uncanny pencil—the border with its military, its Mexicans and its mystic muddle generally.

In the City Life section of tomorrow's AMERICAN there will be a brookside of T. P. sketches of what he has seen so far at El Paso and thereabouts.

Tom could make a mummy laugh with only a desert to draw. Fancy the cartoon possibilities down by the Rio Grande!

Hold on! Come back to that Harvard Summer School a minute. Remember, we were speaking of the wiry Miss Fury (pronounced Fury, the muscled marvel).

Well, there are plenty of fascinating girls at that Summer school as well as Miss Fury. And there are some experts by pretty ones, too. American girls, which made up the fairland of the Panama-Pacific Exposition. How and why the buildings are being destroyed is related graphically.

Ever hear a fond young mother say: "I just love my baby to death?"

She may be speaking with deadly truth, for science says that love kills more babies than disease does, the mother love that leads to indulgence, coddling and lack of proper restraint. This article should be read by every person having the care or training of little ones.

Once in a while one encounters in real news a romance that outdoes the romantics themselves. One is now at hand. She is an American girl, native of Ohio. He is a Spanish bull fighter, a swarthy, impetuous torador.

Scene—the bull ring at Madrid. Royalty and nobility are present. An American girl gazes breathlessly as the torador matches his cunning against the savage strength of the bull—and loses, for his sword snaps at the hilt.

Even while the audience is gasping the girl leaps into the arena, waves a red shawl in front of the amazed bull—but read the whole story tomorrow. It's too good to spoil ahead of time.

Kipling allows that the female of the species is more deadly than the male.

Without going so far as that, Dr. Woods Hutchinson does maintain that woman lives longer than man, and he explains why in an engrossing story tomorrow.

The 100-inch telescope that is being installed at Mount Wilson Observatory is described by Professor Garret P. Serviss, whose scientific articles are so clear and simply told that a person of common speech can understand them. It is estimated that this monster telescope will bring the staggering number of 100,000,000 new suns within our astronomical ken.

Are you really acquainted with your own teeth? If you are not, you may be storing up hideous diseases for yourself. Hidden teeth troubles cause many deadly ailments.

It is not comforting reading, but it is mighty timely and useful. It may send you to the dentist before it is too late. Read it and get a warning.

Those Morgan dancing girls—the same who danced barefoot in Central Park snow in Manhattan—were taught to teach history by dancing. They will, so to speak, dance their way down the historic halls of time. What the historic dances are and how they are interpreted make entertaining reading.

Now, gentlemen, if you will please ring off, we will announce something that concerns only the women and girls—yes, fellows.

It's about the new Fall hats from Paris, as described and pictured by Lady Duff-Gordon (Lucile). A full page of them, with particular reference to the high crowns, metal trimmings and other late millinery points.

Besides all the above, there will be in the Sunday AMERICAN tomorrow, from the wide-world, ably served. With which final announcement, as K. G. E. says, "I thank you."